

Gaddo was having a nice, semi-normal morning. It was one he spent at home, something increasingly more normal, and one he spent on video call with his mother who was still so bent about him so far away and this and that and whatever else. This was mostly a morning of appeasement so he can go on for the next however long not being nagged by her and able to go about his day.

No offense though.

He loves his mother so much, so so much... Promise!...

Just... Oh Jesus Christ sometimes? Sometimes...

The new fun obsession she had was with Gena. She had so many mixed opinions on Gena. She didn't even call him by his name half the time, he was just "Gaddo's Girlfriend" said with some level of disgust or some bastardization of his name. And she was convinced he was a woman. That was really unfortunate after getting hyped up for days to come out to his parents and introduce him to his parents for... that. And he still hasn't come out as gay.

Generally her opinions went as this:

- Living with him long before his parents knew? Bad. Very bad.
- Very pretty? Good, she even liked his awful blue eyes.

- Not Italian? Bad. She didn't even really get what part of the Slavic world Gena was from, so she'd just talk about "La Ucraina" very loudly in front of him.
- Worked in the medical field? Fantastic.
- Disabled? Awful, but at the same point kinda pitiful. She wants grandchildren, she's talked very loudly about fertility because of this.
- An orphan? Pitiful and responsible but also kinda weird. She honestly really wanted that in-law relationship with more than a "future daughter-in-law".
- Quiet and weird? Bad. Can be cute. Honestly, Gaddo agreed with that one.
- Really into animals? Precious, she and Gaddo both really like horses even if Gena blew them out of the water a little.
- Has a lot of things he can't eat? She complained about it so much but after they accidentally got sent to the ER because she accidentally gave him something with grapes in it she felt really bad and complained less.
- Dresses very modestly? Amazing, not enough young women dress like that. Little does she know it's just because he hates pants.

Then the big one...

- Not Catholic? He was gradually getting more and more convinced that she'd be ok with him being gay as long as he got with a Catholic. Gena

wasn't raised Catholic but like he'd go to mass whenever they all had to go not to rock the boat even if he had to take a handful of prozacs not to metaphorically burst into a ball of flames each time. Still... Neither of them wanted to be like "Oh, sorry, he dated a Catholic Priest who [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED], you know how it is! No mass for us!" The part that made it worse is that she thought he was Jewish? Probably the hair thing, but he's not. Plus the kid thing from question 5 and how in Judaism mothers are the one that decides the faith of the kids and she didn't want Jewish grandkids. God. God...

So yeah, understandably, he kinda wanted to gouge his eyes out. But, still that was his mother. The first woman he ever loved. Where he got all his negative personality traits from according to Gena, which made his teeth grit a little more.

That of course circled back into conversation where he did his best to do anything but discuss any of the hot topics, but of course, that did not work.

Because why would it work?

Luckily, through most of it he was able to distract her with how work was going, which was good, or how pets were, also good but with more hiccups he could put her off with. However, she wasn't going to let the conversation steer that way for long. She'd

already asked about Gena a handful of times but he reeled her in. This time was the point of no return, “Well when do you two plan on getting married?”

“Soon, Ma, promise.”

“I’m not getting any younger, she’s not getting any younger. If you don’t move any faster then she’s going to find someone who will.”

“I know, Ma.” No, no, he wouldn’t. He’s wolf-y enough to already consider Gaddo a life-partner while still human enough to be normal about it. It’s his Ma that’s rushing them, Gena doesn’t really feel that strongly.

“Plus I want to see you get married! I was worried you would never get to this point in a relationship.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He knew what that meant.

“And plus,” she didn’t answer, “I kinda wanna see what that would look like.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well I know it’s going to be Catholic, because it has to be, but she has no parents. Even then there’s not like any distant relatives she can have walk her down the aisle. Or would it be push?”

*“whywouldyousaythat”*

“Oh come on I know you’d wanna see that too. You’re nosy and you’d have to plan it.”

He put his head into his hand and pinched his temple as she giggled at his reaction.

“You know I’m just teasing!”

“Are you?”

She howled and cackled, “Oh you know I am! I still want you two to hurry up, but I know it’s going to be normal even if a bit empty. We don’t care, just invite more friends. Plus you know we’d love to have her be an official D’Andrea.”

“Are you sure you just love Gena or do you want Gena pregnant?”

She laughed even harder, making her audio peak and camera shake. He knew her soooo well. So well he threw in, “Can’t Gena just get pregnant before getting married? Wouldn’t that work?”

Oh if he thought the audio peaked, it peaked even louder as she shrieked. He couldn't help but laugh at her pain, especially as went, "Don't you dare!! Don't you daaare!"

Her voice lowered and went quite, "But, but if you did. Don't tell me, just get married while she's not showing and I won't say anything."

"Ma!" He rolled his eyes a little, "You would. You still would."

"I won't say anything bad about it?"

He almost snorted as he ran a hand through his hair, "Really?"

She just giggled more as he heard a knock come from behind him. It was Gena, just trying to get his attention no doubt.

"One second," he called out to the two people he knew would not give him one second. Of course he was not given that as Gena just opened the door. He turned to look behind him, leaving his phone propped up as he saw...

"Oh what in the-"

He quickly sprung up and walked over to see Gena covered in blood with his ears pinned back and looking up with puppy-dog eyes. The being covered in blood thing wasn't the weirdest thing ever, they work in the medical field and Gena's hunted before it happens, but at the same time what does not happen often is it being his own blood.

He hoped his mother did not see that and get some awful idea, but it was too late to be unsure as she shrieked-this time in abject horror-and he heard what he was pretty sure was a screenshot.

"Uhh, can I have some... Help?" Gena asked without a hint of urgency. Almost like he cut his hand and didn't look like he got stabbed a handful of times. Just casually doing grabby hands to be picked up and y'know, probably given a large amount of stitches and bandaged. What the fuck? What the fuuuuck...

Still, didn't mean he didn't take him and haul ass into the bathroom, but that's just.. It's... All just... It's too early for that.

He sat him down on the sink as Gena just worked on throwing off his shirt, as he shuffled through to pull out their monstrous first aid kit.

"What happened??"

"You should see the other guy."

Gaddo just stared on in horror for a moment, “Wh-I don’t want to see the other guy. What did you do?”

“Fought a lynx.”

...

*“whywouldyoudo that”*

“She wouldn’t stop trying to threaten me and pick fights any time I left the yard,” he shrugged, “So I dealt with her.”

He hated how much that story made sense. He just nodded and went to stitch or wrap up the lynx scratches. They looked really bad with the looks of them being stab marks, imminent bruising, and blood, but a lot really were only skin deep. He could deal with it just fine, but, Gena was lucky he didn’t “lose.”

He went to work on Gena cleaning him up, putting on bandages, and of course putting in staples. He was a champ, doing a great job keeping still and only barely whimpering. Still they kept rather quiet after the initial bit.

That didn’t last forever.

“Your mother’s still talking.”

“She hasn’t hung up yet?”

Gena ignored his question, “I don’t like her.”

“I know.” Boy did he ever. Gena was prone to making snap judgements, and his mother made herself hard to fawn over to anyone in Gena’s position. Anyone his siblings dated tended to have to warm up to her.

“Why is she like that?”

“Who knows.”

“It’s constant. ‘Why aren’t you married, Gaddo?’ ‘When will you get married, Gaddo?’ ‘Why can’t you and your cripple give me grandkids, Gaddo?’”

“She doesn’t call you that.”

“She does in her mind, I can tell.”

Gaddo just let out a noise. Not quite a laugh but not quite disgust either. She didn't, at least he hoped she didn't. Maybe she did. That wasn't important then, "What are we gonna tell her?"

"About what?"

"She saw you looking like you almost got murdered. Lord knows what she thinks happened."

Gena just said, nonchalant as ever, "Just tell her I'm fine later."

"She won't believe that."

"Then, tell her I'm dead so she'd leave me alone."

Gaddo just shook his head, "You know we can't do that either."

Gena groaned a little. Gaddo asked, "Can you still hear her?"

"Screaming and your phone buzzing every couple of seconds? Yes."

Cool! Awesome! “Yes, how about we show her that you’re fine and you come up with a good story so she doesn’t call the cops for us or something. I’ll even tie your ears up for you.”

He looked like he hated that idea.

“It’ll be better in the long run, promise.”

“Fine,” he grumbled, “Give me my shirt.”

He handed it to him, “Don’t put it on, still need to get your back.”

Gena looked at him like he was a moron, “And flash your mother?”

“...Just hold it up over your chest?”

Gena chuckled at him and did it, before Gaddo could leave, he asked, “Dick me down for this later?”

“Yeah sure.”

It took a moment to register what he said as Gaddo raced off to grab one of his scarves. Most people just said “pay me back” or something, but at least Gena was very

open about what he meant. He probably could've just guessed that, but it was fine, it was probably fine. Luckily there was one sitting out in the opposite direction of where the phone still was, so he was able to just grab that and pull his hair and ears back in only a moment.

After Gena was presentable-ish, he ran off to grab the phone. Of course as soon as he could hear it, it was just as Gena described. Constantly buzzing with notifications, so there really was a screenshot taken, and his Ma freaking out. At least she might've calmed down a little, maybe, once he saw him since she immediately switched to, "Gaddo! There you are! What happened? What happened?"

"Hey, Ma-"

"Is she ok? Do I need to-"

He picked up the phone, letting her rattle off questions as he watched texts from the top of his screen fly by from a mix of his siblings and the random elderly women his mom loved and/or hated but liked to stay around because they were interesting. He just turned the camera to look at Gena when he got back to the bathroom who was fine, topless and his attempt at looking happy to see her made him just look constipated, but fine.

"Hi Mrs. D-"

“Oh I’m so happy you’re ok! Thank god!” Gena did not look particularly chuffed about being cut off, “What happened? Why are you hurt? Were you stabbed? I know I said not to move too far aw-”

“Yeah.”

God thanks, Gena, that makes everything better. He probably should’ve come up with a lie and told it instead. Lying was not Gena’s strong suit. But at least he was pitiful enough, and well he certainly looked stabbed, that his mother was 100% buying it.

“Oh that’s so awful!” He propped the phone up so that the camera could look at the both of them and he could go back to turning Gena into a mummy. “Who could’ve done such a thing? You can be a little out there but you’re never antagonistic. Like I can imagine someone stabbing me over something I said, but you?”

“Some catty bitch.” Gaddo exhaled at that. Little on the nose there. His Ma couldn’t help but chuckle. Normally she can be weird about swearing, but apparently this fell down under one of the occasions where pain excused it for her.

“Of course it would be! I told Gaddo to live somewhere safer. Now you’re somewhere with stabbings,” she of course threw him under the bus a little, but she

sounded very genuine, “Oh, I’m so sorry that happened, sweetheart. I can’t imagine what you’re going through. I’m sure my timing isn’t helpful either.”

“Thanks,” and Gena responded genuinely as well. He was sure he was agreeing a lot with that latter statement. It was just weirdly civil.

“Did you go to the cops or something yet at least? I know you didn’t go to a hospital obviously.”

“That’s because I have one right here,” his breath hitched near the end. He didn’t blame him, that one just looked like it hurt. Gaddo finished for him, “It should be perfectly dealt with, don’t sweat it.”

“Should be? What do you mean it should be? Did you call the cops or not?”

Of course they didn’t since it was a lynx that was probably dying in the woods, “Look apparently this crazy person was harassing Gena for months and she didn’t tell anyone-”

“Why wouldn’t you?”

“It was fine,” Gena stated, with a lack of severity of someone who made an F on a test.

“It’s not fine, I’m giving you staples,” Gena just stuck his tongue out, “But, apparently this was the final straw and now they’re ‘dealt with.’ According to Gena.”

“Maybe it’s because she’s so delirious from the pain, have you considered that’s why she’s not giving out a ton of details?” He heard another screenshot taken. “Don’t worry, you can tell us when you’re feeling better.”

“Thank you.”

Gaddo just looked at his phone with some confusion on how he was suddenly the asshole, but it was going to wash over. It was enough details to probably get her off their hide though.

“I just can’t believe it,” she wiped under her eye, “I’m gonna fly out to visit you two. I can’t in good conscience let you suffer out there alone. I know Gaddo’s not got the time off.”

“I guess you have a point,” because no, he didn’t. Gena probably just planned on turning on the tv and then crawling under the bed and whining like a dog that just got spayed and on enough pain meds to be in and out of consciousness before being fucked silly when Gaddo got home. He knows it, he’s seen and heard about it.

He shouldn't do all that though.

"I should be fine here, don't worry about it."

Gaddo tried to keep his voice a little quieter, "No, you aren't. You're just going to eat meloxicam, binge animal planet, and be miserable since I really don't."

He was going to protest before he let out a high pitched whimper in pain. That was right by his neck, it probably hurt like a motherfucker.

"I'm doing it, I don't want you in that house alone after some psycho came after you."

He knew Gena didn't want that, but admittedly even if he was annoyed, he didn't want him alone for most of the day for however long it took for him to start feeling better.

"Thanks, Ma."

"...Thanks."

"Let someone else take care of you," his Ma chided, but with a weird amount of warmth behind her voice. Not something she normally talked to Gena with. Gena just stuck out his tongue again like a petulant child.

“I’m gonna have to let you go, Ma, I gotta wrap Gena’s upper-body and I’m sure she doesn’t want to flash you. I’ll talk to you later, promise,” he sat everything down and reached over to his phone to hang up.

“You better! Have Gena call me too. Love you both, mwah.”

“Love you too, Ma, mwah,” he made the kissy noise back as Gena waved in the background.

He hung up and went to finish up as Gena dropped his shirt. “You’re an asshole and everyone hates me.”

“I love you, too,” he said with a snicker as he began wrapping him up. God, after he finished paying Gena back all he wanted to do was fall asleep for the rest of the day and not have to worry about anything else awful and stressful. And... maybe go on Reddit to see if he was being an asshole.